

ON
PAPER **FREDERICK
WINGS O'BRIEN**

*Frederick O'Brien speaks tonight
and every Thursday night, at six
p.m. over Station K. P. O.*

Still grieved at having to pay eight dollars a night for a little Carmel hotel room, with no view, and no food, I find that I can have a magnificent room (with a bathroom as big as the Carmel bedroom, with no view, and no food, I find San Francisco and the bay, at the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill, for less than the Carmel room. If Carmel continues to gouge wayfarers, it will attract only the vulgar rich, the common mob of motorists. Then the population will be the plutes, and the storekeepers, and the summer yokels who stuff themselves into rooms like pickles in a jar. The self-respecting scientists, writers, artists, brooders, thinkers, will avoid Carmel as they now do Pacific Grove, Pebble Beach, Pasadena, Burlingame, Laguna Beach, Coronado, Hollywood; all once beautiful, honest and inviting. When I am able to visit Carmel again, next year, I hope to find a chastened and cheaper caravansary. It will take a year for me to recover.

Constance Bennett, cinemactress, is said by the papers to have gotten thirty thousand dollars a week. What a joke on ranch hands working ten hours a day for one dollar! On seven million unemployed!

Sundays are the most dangerous days for auto killings. It were well not to take out the old salamander the Sabbath.

In New York, as elsewhere, many established clubs, business, college, sport scientific theatrical, are bankrupt. Due are overdue.

Up to now and particularly, now, the League of Nations is a French chamber of politics. It looks as if it would have to erupt, slough away its proud flesh, before becoming a healthy organ of internationalism.

Perthing begins to show plainly his seventy-one years. He, probably, recalls Dewey's fate.

Continued on page six

THE CARMELITE

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VOL. IV CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1931 NO. 32

Movement Launched to Aid Unemployed

A committee representing major organizations on the Peninsula met last night at the Town Hall to discuss unemployment relief in Carmel. Reverend Austin Chinn, Harold Grimshaw, Miss Clara N. Kellogg, Mrs. Karl Ohnesorg of the Red Cross, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger of the Woman's Club, Miss E. Messer of the Christian Science Church, Father McDonald, Mrs. M. A. Reed of the Parent-Teachers Association, and Miss Spencer, of the Community Chest were among those present.

A committee was formed, with Reverend Chinn as permanent chairman, to investigate present needs, to raise money, and to discover what employment there is for resident and transient Carmelites. Actual need and sickness among these people will be taken care of by the Red Cross and Community Chest. This committee will endeavor to find employment for heads of families in street work, in the post office, in homes and in gardens.

Many people have offered their services. Ranchers in Carmel Valley have vegetables and fruit ready to dispense

when called for, Mr. Frederick Godwin, of the La Playa Hotel, will prepare a canteen of food every other day for the hungry, Postmaster Overstreet will employ four married men during the Christmas rush, Carmel musical artists will prepare benefit concerts for relief, the City Council will employ more men on street cleaning, the churches have already established shelters, and citizens are urged to find work in their homes and gardens to give at least temporary employment.

Classification of laborers was suggested in order that the committee can place them as to their vocations, and their period of unemployment, and the size of their families. The administration of funds will be under the direction of Reverend Chinn. The present Carmel Employment Bureau will be the temporary headquarters for the unemployed and instead of the commission being taken from the workers' salaries, the that this winter. The labor market for men is entirely closed, and there is little demand for domestic work for women. Carmel is fortunate in being off the beaten track, and in having no industrial activities to attract transient labor seeking work.



LINOLEUM CUT BY MOIRA WALLACE

MOLNAR IN CARMEL: Howard Brooks as Almady in "The Play's the Thing," opening tonight at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough

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COMMUNITY CHEST

On Thursday, November fifth, Carmel will have a Community Chest workers' buffet supper at seven o'clock in the Girl Scout House, Lincoln and Sixth, to which all volunteers are urged by the local committee to come. At eight the practical work begins, and those who find it more convenient to come then are asked to be present.

Reservations for the buffet supper (at sixty cents each) will be limited to twenty, and must be made at once to Bernard Rowntree.

A one-act *commedia* will be presented by five local actors to illustrate the serious—and the amusing—problems of collecting pledges in the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest campaign, November ninth to fourteenth.

The Carmel committee includes Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, R. C. DeYoe, Mrs. A. M. Allan (Point Lobos), E. H. Tickle (Highlands), Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Willard W. Wheeler (Pebble Beach) and Bernard Rowntree.

LECTURE SERIES

Those interested in outstanding problems of world politics will have another opportunity to hear Professor Graham Stuart of Stanford University tonight at eight o'clock in Sunset School. The topic will be "The Coming Disarmament Conference in Geneva." After tonight's lecture, the coming talks will be: November twelfth, "Danger Spots in Europe;" December third, "The United States Enters World Politics." Admission is free, and questions may be asked at the end of the lecture.

CURTAILED

Mechanical difficulties encountered after this issue went into production necessitated a reduction in the number of pages and the consequent withholding of considerable material. As a result of the change the center pages are incorrectly numbered.

THE CARMELITE: OCTOBER 29, 1931

WOMAN'S CLUB

The Garden Section of the Woman's Club met last Thursday afternoon, and drove to Mrs. Paul L. Veeder's home in Pebble Beach. Here they inspected the patio, which is filled with exotic floral specimens. The regular meeting was held at Mrs. T. W. Van Ess' home near Bird Rock, Pebble Beach, where it was voted to send a protest to the Fish and Game Commission at Sacramento concerning the depredation of plants by deer in this vicinity.

The November calendar of the Woman's Club is as follows: Book Section, ten a.m., November fourth and eighteenth, the Girl Scout House; Current Events, ten a.m., November eleventh and twenty-fifth, same place; Bridge Section, two p.m., November ninth and twenty-third, the same place; Garden section, ten a.m. November fifth at Mrs. G. F. Beardsley's, on Eighth and Casanova; Garden Section, ten a.m., November nineteenth at Mrs. J. K. Lynch's, on Santa Lucia and Mission.

A new junior section of the Woman's Club has been formed, and will meet the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month at eight o'clock in the evening. The meetings will be held in the Girl Scout House. Miss Helen Willard is chairman, assisted by Mrs. Franklin Sowell, and Miss Hortense Berry is treasurer.

HOTEL NOTES

Open House will be held at Pine Inn on the evening of October thirty-first. Mr. John B. Jordan has issued a general invitation to share in the hotel's hospitality.

Pine Inn was host to three tables of bridge last Friday afternoon. The bridge teas are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and are open to the public without charge. Mrs. Abbie McReavy is the hostess; reservations can be made with her at Pine Inn. Among the women present were: Mrs. H. S. Nye, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Miss Helen Rosenkrantz, Miss Abercrombie, Mrs. F. C. Rogers, Mrs. H. J. Palmer, Miss J. MacEachran, Miss M. L. Palmer, Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot, Mrs. H. J. Sheppard, Miss Ruth Thurman and Mrs. John B. Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacLeod, of Hollywood, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Godwin at the La Playa Hotel last weekend. Mrs. Arlen is the former Jobyna Ralston. The couples drove to the U.C.—U.S.C. game in Berkeley, Saturday. Mr. MacLeod is a Carmelite contributor.

Szigeti Opens the Music Society's Season

The Carmel Music Society inaugurated its fifth annual series of winter concerts last Friday evening, presenting the Hungarian violinist, Szigeti, in recital at Carmel Theatre. Attendance was unusually large, extra chairs being required.

The concert is here reviewed by GLORIA STUART:

The norm of Szigeti's virtuosity is his desire to interpret each composer in that composer's style alone. To be able to realize this idea, he must approach the music intellectually and impersonally, letting no personal feeling alloy the achievement. And this is the manner in which the audience receives the interpretation. Here are no flights of emotion or passion, here is the pure flight of reason. According to many—more learned in musical affairs—music should be appreciated only through the intellect. But to many more, it is appreciated sensuously. This lack was felt in Szigeti's playing.

The program chosen illustrates this concept. In the opening number, "La Folia," by Corelli—who gave violin composition its first strong impetus—the construction was precise and filled with technical demands. The original statement was poignant and lovely, and the slower passages showed lucidity and grace. It was in the faster passages that the composition lacked clarity. But Szigeti, with masterful technique, was able to surmount this difficulty in the sheer playing of it. His stroking is sensitive and refined to the ultimate degree and there is probably no demand that cannot be met by this brilliant technique.

In the Bach selection, "Prelude and Gavotte in E Major," and the Mozart "Concerto in D Major," Szigeti was most effective. The constructive intricacy of polyphony and counterpoint in Bach's music received analytical treatment from Szigeti. And though Bach conceived his music in relation of formal structure to mind and soul, Szigeti failed to retain the soul, and classic warmth of the composer was lost. But in the rondo of Mozart's piece, its subdued elegance and courtly sparkle, this virtuoso reached the peak of the evening. This concerto is a specimen of Mozart's "gallant" style at its highest. Its melodic richness and freshness shines through any approach. Each delicate thread of melody takes hold of the listener and weaves a garment of poetry. The measured figures of the allegro de-

manded unerring sensitiveness combined with strength, and Szigeti brought forth all of his talent to accomplish this.

While Paganini himself created a style of violin playing that sometimes led to cheap tricks and charlatanism, the style had value in that it advanced the standards of dexterity and the apparatus of effect. Szigeti is too finished an artist to need the tricks; his superb facility was displayed in Paganini's "Caprice in E Major." Here again is a composition demanding that virtuosity, as did the Bach and the Corelli.

The liquid sibilancy of "Fontaine de Arethuse," by Szymanowski showed this composer at his lyric best. While the composition is graceful and fanciful, it is written with an accent on the asymmetrical form of modern program music. Using muted strings only once, and in this number, Szigeti played effectively and skillfully. The romance was gone, but the accompanist, Nikita de Magaloff, brought to the rendition spirit and feeling. Throughout the

whole evening the finish and high talent of this young pianist was everywhere apparent. Especially in a lengthy discourse by the piano alone in the Corelli was his style appreciable.

Two adaptations by Kreisler finished the program—"Siciliane et Rigaudon," from Francoeur, an early eighteenth century violinist-composer, and "Spanish Dance," from DeFalla, a contemporary Spanish composer. The former piece was played in Carmel by Weinstine several weeks ago and affords a comparison between passionate and passionless playing. The mysterious and almost sinister nature of this composition was recreated by Weinstine, and, although his virtuosity is not as fine as Szigeti's, that piece fairly pulsed with life and vigor. The present critic was unmoved by Szigeti's presentation, regardless of its purity of style. The concision, rapid logic and form which DeFalla possesses was admirably suited to Szigeti's method. Here the full play of his achievement in classicism was revealed, and given its due.

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THE CARMELITE

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

J. A. COUGHLIN
Editor and PublisherGLORIA STUART
Associate Editor

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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

O'BRIEN

from page one

The Pacific ocean about California is at seventy-eight degrees, the hottest in many years. It's the air that's cold when bathing. So is the depression; a warm supply of everything, too much gold, wheat, cotton, silver, oil, corn, canned goods, fruit, meat; but a cold air of fear, caution, miserliness inhumanity.

California garlic is not strong in the New York market. Half a cent a pound off the American tariff let in French and Spanish garlic. By any transport it is as dreadful in the subway.

In Australia, hundreds of crocodiles have been killed, recently, because they devoured hundreds of horses and cattle. I have seen a croc kill a horse, drinking on a river beach. Did you see the croc in "Trader Horn," a talkie? They were, most of them, *papier mache*, animated by machines. Hollywood is all paper.

Lincoln Steffens says he's dead, and looking on the world from the ramparts of heaven. He wrote me so, and accused me of being, still, alive. He says he reads The Carmelite.

The one great thing I believe in is human character; the goodness of men and women. Not all of them, though. For instance, I have no belief in the honesty of the average politician, or, reformer.

Seven miles a minute will be made in the air this calendar year. That rate would do the Atlantic in a union day, of eight hours. However, war is the only stimulus to such speed. The killers prepare their getaways.

Ford has hired a son of the Crown Prince of Germany just graduated as a doctor of philosophy. He is in Detroit to learn about Lizzie from Henry.

Will Rogers is put on the inside page of the San Francisco Chronicle and other bought-and-paid-for dailies. They have a contract, or they would omit Will.

They say he is a traitor to capitalism, to Wall street, to Hoover. Will has a million or two, and is cantankerous when his democratic party is smelling the feed trough.

The U. S. treasury is issuing million-dollar bills. Mellon is a softhearted old chap. Write for yours.

John Peer, Illinoisian, ninety-three, dead, left nine children, the youngest fifty-four. He never had a doctor, nor owned a share of stock.

The latest in cop circles is in New York: Kidnappers return home a big gambler, for seventy-five thousand dollars. Cops pick up their car, find the money in it, and free the crooks for fifty thousand. That alliance between the law and thieves has existed for fifty years. In Chicago and New York, pocketpicking rights at the railroad stations, ferries, theatres, all important crowd centres, are let to the highest bidder. I used to know a generous and religious Irishman who had the Illinois Central depot rights. He was a front-pew man in his parish.

If every American bought a pair of shoes tomorrow, the depression might puff up. Say, a hundred and twenty million pairs a five dollars each! Five times naught is naught, and carry naught. Alas! We'll have to make it shoestrings instead of shoes.

A man with a wife and three children, all *destitute* was, in San Francisco, given six months and five hundred dollars fine for selling a single glass of beer. Of course, he was *destitute* of a cunning lawyer.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Elena Blavatsky has been honored in a hundred cities. In her lifetime the Russian seeress was a shrine of worship and a laughing stock in Europe and America. Like Annie Besant, still living, at eighty-four, she veered in her early life from one asserted belief to another, seeking power, personal aggrandizement. I have talked in Ireland with her intimates. She was a great individual, a law unto herself, and a centre of attraction and radiation.

The radio crooner who shot to death his fiancée, by error, has put us radiators all in bad by his statement to the police that he had "pepped up, as usual, with a few gins before going on the air." I wouldn't want anyone to think that . . .

A Carmel Observer
Writes on RussiaII. *The Soviet Child and the
Appreciation of Books*

by ELLA WINTER

Museums have always been a problem. Who does not remember the days of his childhood when—especially upon visiting a foreign city—he was dragged around the art museums and picture-galleries and expected to admire the velvets of Raphaels and the flesh of Rembrandts—when he would much rather have been sitting on the red plush seat in the middle of the room watching the strange ladies with lorgnettes, or even, be it admitted right away, have been sucking ice-cream cones in the street. But the grown-ups were taking one there for one's education, and dared not offend dutiful aunts who made one feel that not to admire the great pictures in the Pinakothek would be a personal insult and maybe remove the cream chestnut pudding at lunch out of one's reach?

The Russians seem to have a natural sympathy with their children, and although the child greets the stranger adult as "aunt" or "uncle," his education has been taken in hand by the state in the most unauntish way. There is the Children's Travelling Exhibition, for instance, which starts off from the premise that everything in a grown-up museum is arranged the way a child does not like it; everything is forbidden; you must not touch, you must not get too near, you must bow in awe and astonishment, you must remember uninteresting facts about the dates and the life of the painter or sculptor.

This Exhibition is not even called by so staid a name as "travelling exhibition": it is called a "wandering exhibition." And it wanders from school to factory, from factory to children's playground, letting the children themselves arrange the exhibits, explain what it is all about and take part in the printing and demonstrations.

The first exhibit in this magic museum is called "Times and Books." You gaze through a show-window, and there in miniature is a perfect drawing-room of 1776, a little boy in a beautiful Mozart costume sitting at a table with his tutor, a book open before him, while in the doorway stands the varlet, also a small boy in a cook's cap and apron watching his luckier superior being bored by his lesson. Above the window in a little stand are the books that were read in that generation: beautifully bound

books with hand-colored illustrations—"Fables de la Fontaine," which no pictures on the cover, and obviously very expensive; something that only a few aristocrats could afford.

You turn a handle at the side of the case, and lo! here is another scene: a merchant's family, two children running and congratulating their mamma on her birthday, and crying for sentimental joy that their mother has a birthday, presumably. Again the books above spread out fan-shape, are the books of the period: they are better, the pictures machine-colored this time, but still they are not really children's books, and they are still expensive. They could not be afforded for instance by the cook standing in the doorway with a wistful little girl clutching at her apron strings.

Scene three: a worker's family, deep in a dingy basement, the mother ironing with bent back and strained face, the child kneeling upon a table to get nearer the one meagre light. And the books of that period? "Kitsch" as the organizer of the museum explained to me in German, "absurd stories about kings and queens and knights, in crude and garish colors, stories meant to keep the mind of the workers off the intolerable conditions of their lives." I was by this time quite depressed, and indeed, dynamic, the word stressed so much in description of all phases of life in the Soviet Union to-day, was rightly applicable to this little drama. For the fourth and last scene that we now turned to represented large light and airy children's reading room, the shelves stacked with suitable books, the little readers, children of the workers and peasants now at last freed, sitting in comfortable chairs reading the best literature the world has to offer. And above were a few of the charming children's books of Russia today, the well-illustrated, cheap, paper-covered books that are in every child's reach and that cover all subjects that can possibly interest any child.

"We teach only through the child's own interest," explained the director, "you will notice that there were no moral inscriptions: 'Good books' or 'Beautiful Books' or 'Books every child should know.' And so with the rest of our exhibition. Here are the books illustrating socialist construction," and there again one had to turn little gadgets, and, coming to "flying" for instance, or "radio, or movie, electric appliances, automobiles"—whatever the child's interest, he would find peeping out of slits the names and portraits of the authors of the best books on that subject.

"We learn things about our children this way too," I was told, "by seeing

FULFILLMENT

Tranquility is in these autumn days
When the ripe leaves fall noiseless to the ground
And all the earth reclines without a sound.
Color and line are softened by the haze
Through which on stubble fields the sifting rays
Of sunshine mellow what the frost has browned.
A drowsy warmth and deep content surround
The barns, and a last lonely cricket plays.
This is the year's fulfillment: these rich hours
Between the urgent heat and the long cold.
How still and shorn of strength seem all the powers
Of seed and warmth and rain; how very old
The days of labor seem when earth's heart flowers
In growing corn and fields of rippled gold.

Syracuse, New York

—ALBERT V. FOWLER

||| ||| |||

If death will mean that afterward
My living years will take upon themselves
The rare and glowing beauty of a pine
Whose russet needles flame against the green
In rich acknowledgment of death
I shall be almost content.

—M. A. CUSHING

what books a child chooses we know where his interests lie. Later this sort of thing can be a great help toward vocational selection. The school is too strict, very often, to get free results; in the exhibition the child feels uninhibited. We have seen children positively tremble when they came upon the subject that was really dear to their heart."

Other exhibits teach children the rudiments of artistic appreciation. They are shown a number of pictures by different artists, and told to select which ones they think are drawn by the same man. "We never laugh at them or get in the least annoyed if they put Konashevitch with a Lebedev, for instance," explained my guide, "we just tell them to look again. So it takes on the character of a parlor game. And the children learn to look. We have had some amusing experiences with mothers. They are so anxious their children shall 'do well,' one mother made her little girl so nervous that the child cried; another, certain that her eleven-year old would beat all records, was astonished when a seven-year old boy, the child of a peasant, chose better than her own."

There are numerous other exhibits to teach appreciation of color, form and style of books, and then comes the printing and book-binding section. Which of these books are bad, which are good, and why? The paper may be bad, or the print too small, or the page too wide; these faults the children learn to observe. Then there is the inevitable 'good manners in reading and cleanliness

section, so integral a part of all culture teaching in this country. One child criticised a book adversely and it was found that the pages were uncut (shades of grown-up reviewers!) One child returned a book to the library saying it had enjoyed it so because it was bored, lying in bed with scarlet fever (and how the mothers jump at this life-like exhibit), another model shows a child reading while it is eating its dinner, and the children are invited to say what is wrong about that. Further on in a 'Magic Cupboard' are the heroes of Tom Brown's School Days, 'Tom Sawyer,' 'Robinson Crusoe' and the kit of the Indians, Chinese coolies, Dutchmen. The child that puts together all the right garments for any one character may impersonate that character for a time.

Before they leave the children are asked to criticise the exhibits. "I dislike it that some children stay so long," wrote one little boy; "I have even seen the same child come back two and three times." "What I like best," wrote another, "are the printing press and the technical book sections, but most of all I like all of it."

Thus the future librarian, museum curator and book lover are trained, and the Soviet child may have a profession without ever knowing how its enthusiasm was kindled. The track is being securely laid that will be trodden by hundreds of thousands of knowledge-hungry proletarians, children and grown-ups, whose 'illiteracy' is being so rapidly 'liquidated.'

SZIGETI: ANOTHER OPINION
(CORRESPONDENCE)

Should one say things about any public performer showing such technica excellence as Szigeti revealed at his violin recital last Friday night?

Well, being one of the paying public, why not?

Being old fashioned, this one of the aforesaid p.p. has hope, when attending a concert, of being treated to a flow of music, a projection of satisfying melody, a gradual leading in the great depths of the emotional background of life—individual capability of appreciating such experience be what it may. All of which may seem stupid if not strange.

Now, a violin is a marvelous instrument in its quality of interpreting humans—it reveals its player ruthlessly. A Strad or Amati will squawk just as badly as a pawnshop fiddle when in the hands of a squawkee. And the opposite is just as true. It reveals. What? Technica accomplishment first of all—you've heard the squeaks from the student's fiddle next door! Back of technique is revealed intellectual breadth—what to do with the instrument, concert work or vaudeville exhibition, melodic beauty or

Katherine MacFarland Howe

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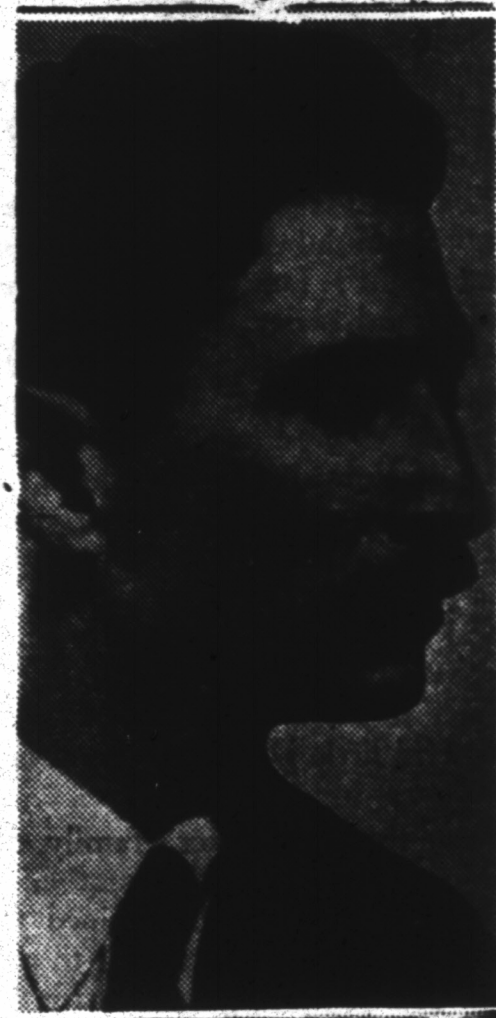
trick stuff. Am I wrong? Then there is another revelation, apocalyptic really, and that is the emotional equipment of the player—not merely the difference between *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*—the Something that is music, that gives listeners wondering, if not startled, peeks into the mysterious clockwork of life, the thing which makes one look at an artist and say reverently, "Great!"

Ever hear an old negro play so marvelously that all the jigglety-jigglety-jig-jig-jig of an exhibitionist means nothing? Too bad you haven't. There's Something there.

And what has all this to do with Herr Szigeti? Well, just a question: did he misjudge his Carmel audience and give pyrotechnics rather than pyrogenetics, so to speak? Or was that program his real *metier*? The andante movement in the Mozart "D Major No. 4" gave promise of rest from mere brilliance, but finally succumbed and melted into the general technosis. The muted passage in "Fontaine" afforded the only palm tree in the desert of emotion, and the audience responded gratefully. Well, what's the trouble? Oh, nothing, nothing. Surely, yes, his portion of the p.p. applauded, but it was for Herr Szigeti's feats of memory and for his execution rather than from any emotional response. Great bowing! Masterful fingering! Yet Szigeti uses a metal E string that fails him in some rapid passages. Perhaps he feared the dampness of the sea air—but a gut E might have added to the tones above A, don't you think? Or do you? Entire loss of an E probably wouldn't have stopped Szigeti, armed with that wonderful left hand. No pun. I've seen it happen. I was "on the door" once at a concert by Dome when, in the middle of a raging concerto, his E string snapped. He naively descended the platform steps, came directly to me and said, shaking his long hair in my startled face, "I vant ee streeng!" Always wanting to be a Boy Scout in Service, I hunted through my desk thoroughly but had to confess to him that I could find any sort of a cord. He gave me a pained look, went back to the rostrum and finished the concerto, making his A string do double duty.

No, this portion of the p.p. appreciated the hard-working intellectualism of the visiting artist, but was not moved thereby. As a boy we had a local expression of admiration in the words, "Hot zig-gety!" I thought of it at the concert—with an addition—"Hot Szigeti—and Cold!" But I'd like to hear that overwhelming accompanist, Nikita de Magaloff, in a concert of his own. Wouldn't you?

F. B.



CANTOR RINDER

"One of our most creative enthusiasts."
—Redfern Mason in the "Examiner."

**JEWISH MUSIC—FOLK
AND MODERN**

Continuing its policy of presenting the music of different peoples, the Denny-Watrous Gallery next Tuesday evening will present Cantor Rinder, of Temple Emanu-El, San Francisco, in a lecture-recital on Jewish music.

One of this country's foremost interpreters of Jewish music, Cantor Rinder's presentation covers the range from Biblical times to the present. Recently he gave a recital of the music he is to offer in Carmel at a private musical at the home of Mrs. Marcus Koshland in San Francisco. The same program is soon to be given by invitation in Los Angeles, Philadelphia and New York.

Following is the program:

Cantillations:	Prayer Motives:
Pentateuch	Sabbath
Prophets	Festival
Writings	Holy Days
V'Hakohanim (Priestly service)	Traditional
Eli Zion	Traditional
Psalm 49 ("Hear This, All Ye People")	Sulzer
Psalm 22 ("Eli, Eli, Lama Asabtani")	Ernest Bloch
Kol Nidre	Traditional
Group of Yiddish and Hebrew folk-songs will conclude the program.	

INDIAN EXHIBITS

An exhibition of reproductions of Navajo ceremonial sand pictures will be shown at the next meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club, Monday afternoon, November second, in the Girl Scout House. These pictures were made for Mr. M. M. Murphy, noted archaeologist of Carmel, by an old Indian priest. Their symbolistic content will be explained by Mr. Murphy. The collection will soon be sent to New York City to form part of the Exposition of Indian tribal arts in the Grand Central Galleries during December. It will tour the United States, and will reach the Pacific Coast in 1933.

Indian summer is visiting The Sign of the Papoose on San Carlos and Eighth in the form of gaily colored ears of corn hanging in long "cayuses" from the beams. "Ristras" alternate with the "cayuses" in a pleasing effect of Autumn leaves at harvest time. These long strings of corn and bright red chili peppers may be used for patio and porch decorations, and for inside use near fireplaces in all their abundance.

EUROPEAN MODERNS

The Denny-Watrous Gallery has on exhibition until Sunday evening a private collection of modern lithographs and etchings belonging to Madame Galka E. Scheyer, American representative of the "Blue Four"—Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Feininger and Klee. All except the latter are represented, with many additional "moderns."

POSTAL RATES

An increase in postal rates on various foreign routings becomes effective November first, according to a memorandum issued by Postmaster W. L. Overstreet. Chiefly affected are the islands of the West Indies and of Polynesia, and several Latin American countries. The new rates are, for letters, five cents for the first ounce, three cents for each additional ounce; post cards, three cents.

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LEOTA TUCKER

NOTICE OF PUBLIC WORK

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 8th day of July, 1931, the council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, duly passed its Resolution No. 508, to-wit, the resolution of intention of said council to abandon and close a certain portion of Viscaino Avenue, a public street of and in said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, as described and set forth in said resolution of intention, a full, true and correct copy of which is as follows, to-wit:

"RESOLUTION NO. 508"

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, that the public interest and convenience require and that it is the intention of said council to order the following work to be done and improvement to be made in said city, to-wit: That Viscaino Avenue, a public street of said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, as shown and designated upon the "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, filed for record, March 7, 1902, in the office of the county recorder of the county of Monterey, State of California," be closed and abandoned between the prolongation easterly of the northeasterly line of Lot 19, Block 102 as per said map and the southerly termination of said Viscaino Avenue as per said map.

That no land is deemed necessary to be taken for said improvement and that no district of lands will be affected thereby or will be assessed to pay the damages, costs or expenses of said improvement or of said proceeding; and that no commissioners therefor need be appointed to assess damages or benefits with relation thereto.

The superintendent of streets of said city shall

cause to be conspicuously posted along said line of contemplated work and improvement and not more than 300 feet in distance apart but not less than three in all, notices of the passage of this resolution of intention in time, form, manner and number as required by law and shall also cause a notice of the passage of said resolution, similar in substance to be published for a period of four (4) successive weeks in The Carmelite, a newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in said city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, and hereby designated for such purpose and said notice to be so published will contain all of the matters and things required by law therein.

Any person interested objecting to said work or improvement may make written objection to the same within ten (10) days of the expiration of the time of the publication of said notice, which objection shall be delivered to the city clerk of said city and ex-officio clerk of said council, within said last named period.

All of the herein proposed work shall be done in pursuance of the Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to provide for laying out, opening, extending, widening, straightening or closing up in whole or in part, any street, square, lane alley, court or place within municipalities and to condemn and acquire any and all land and property necessary or convenient for that purpose; approved March 6, 1889, as amended."

By order of the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Dated: October 22nd, 1931.

WM. L. ASKEW,
Superintendent of Streets of the
City of Carmel-by-the-Sea

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THE CARMELITE: OCTOBER 29, 1931

MOLNAR IN CARMEL

"The Play's the Thing," the unusual comedy by the Hungarian dramatist, Ferenc Molnar, opens tonight at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough for an engagement of three nights. A comment made this week by one who saw a rehearsal for the first time was that the play is "different." Nothing even remotely resembling this brilliant comedy has yet been seen in Carmel. For one thing, it shows a playwright at work. It reveals his point of view as to real life and its use for the stage—and the plot hinges on an unexpected need to use a real incident in an impromptu playlet, in such a manner that it will save a romance from going on the rocks. The speed with which Sandor Turai in "The Play's the Thing" turns out a finished one-act play is rather disheartening to Carmel playwrights. But then, so far as known, no budding playwright in Carmel yet claims to be a Molnar in the making.

The cast is as follows: Sandor Turai, Galt Bell; Mansky, Robert Parrott; Albert Adams, Richard Seares; Ilona Szabo, Constance Heron; Almady, Howard Brooks; Dwornitchek, Charles O'Neal; Mr. Mell, Robert Edgren.

—HARRIS ANSON

At Pasadena Playhouse, "The Play's the Thing," current attraction, has been given extra time due to sold-out houses. Guy Bates Post, in the part Galt Bell is playing locally, explains in part the popularity of the piece.

NEW BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY

Bolton: Outpost of Empire (the story of the founding of San Francisco)
Gagland: Companions of the Trail
MacDougal: The Green Leaf
Robinson: Matthias at the Door
Uspenskii: A New Model of the Universe

Fiction:

Bowen: Friends and Relations
Corbett: The Young Mrs. Meigs
Farnol: A Jade of Destiny
Ferber: American Beauty
Kelly: Sea Change
Lewisohn: The Golden Vase
Lutz: Kerry
Poole: The Destroyer
Rolvaag: Their Father's God
Sabsay: Hurricane
Stone: The Almond Tree
Willis: Lesby
Woolf: The Waves

Mysteries:

Mr. Fortune Speaking
Bordeaux: Murder Party
Fitzsimmons: 70,000 Witnesses
Starrett: Dead Men Inside